

# *Shenandoah*

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No. 1

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Thomas Sugrue

## THE WRITER AND THE DREAM

One day is as good as another for the starting of a tale, yet he who has put himself to the telling will not have it so. It is too hot; the rays of the sun bring weariness, and shut the spillways of his mind. It is too cold; the air tightens his flesh and rips the fabric of his thought. He would like it better if it were raining; the sound of water gently on the roof soothes the fringes of his being, and lets the utterance of his inner self come through. But it is not raining. It rained yesterday.

There is, moreover, something he yet must know, a fact he has not ascertained, which may be useful in chapter three. It is best that it be discovered now, lest he be forced to interrupt himself once he has begun. Besides, the day is almost gone. Tomorrow, fresh and unused, will soon arrive. He will get up early, perhaps with the dawn, and strike at the task like a spring night seizing the roots of a daisy.

Gratefully he relaxes. Time is his friend. She will wait for him, stretching the calendar, expanding the hours of the days ahead, contracting them now while he seeks his fact, sharpens pencils, arranges and rearranges his notes, cleans out his desk, and reads in *Deuteronomy* the chapter which has shaken him with inspiration and set him to puttering with words.

Time is his friend, the gift of his Father, Who long ago sent him on a journey through the countries and the continents of creation, with no nurse to hold his hand, no tutor to order his seaching, no guardian to gasp at his deeds; nothing and no one but time, a maiden set to serve him without cessation until his wandering is done, when she will gather him into herself and return with him to the Father.



Until then she waits for him, brushing away the moments unless they are needed, turning the hours aside if he is tired. There is no place to go but home, and that is an odyssey he has no urge to push. Like Ulysses, he would not leave Circe before her spirit is explored, lest the memory of its promises disturb him in his dreams; like Augustine, he would watch the fire burn out, not cover it with earth. "Love, and then do what you will," said the saint, and this he has set himself to follow.

"Perhaps I shall not return until all my brothers are rounded up before me, and driven into the fold," he has said to himself, for it seems to his heart that he will be unhappy in Elysia if a monk still mutters in the temples of the lower gods, or those with whom he has drunk and sung still drink and sing in the taverns of the outward ring of worlds. Yet half expectantly he stops in silences and in moments left over from his thought, wondering if in one of those instants the even swing of the law may gently break a little, and the hand of the Holy Ghost reach through to touch his eyes.

For now he faces always toward the city in the hills. There was an age of innocence when he played on the beaches of creation, building civilizations for the tides to wash away. There was an age of knowledge, when he forced himself into all that exists, savoring its essence and memorizing its patterns. There was an age of romance, when he looked on woman, and saw in her figure the image of something he had forgotten, something that lay behind him, something that moved as he moved, stalking him, but casting no shadow, making no sound.

He had sought her, fumbling at the entrance to her mind, staring at the witchery of her face, seeing in the play of her personality the presence that shadowed him, the dream he had forgotten, the part of him that was lost. He had taken her, and held her against him, and joined with her.

Then in the instant of consummation, when the piled-up time he had set to serve his ecstasy was suddenly not needed, in the emptiness which he could not fill because his goal was gained and gone away, he was alone—more alone than ever he had been before. He was lifted up above the city and the earth, and below him stretched the star streams and the night. The little tempest of his want was over; the winds of space swept on without him.

He had sought in the infiltration of the woman's form the loss of himself in the spirit of another, the intermingling of his loneliness with the presence more broad, more quiet, more certain than his own. Instead he had struck against the earth, and been smitten by it. The loveliness which lay beneath him, clinging to his shape, was the planet itself, every element and pattern from gold and silver to iron and mud. He had seized her and ravished her, but her spirit had not shaken loose, had not enfolded him, had not carried him outward and across the fields of solitude to the spheres of a higher world. And his mind that had seemed certain to burst into higher consciousness, into transcendent planes of awareness, was constricted now, pulled in upon itself, hurting him, and herding the eagerness that had poured from his open heart back behind the walls of its longing. His senses that had flushed and sharpened for the feast now saw and smelled and heard and felt and tasted every atom of the thing against which he had fallen, the desire to which he was nailed, the earth and the forms of its face and body. He kissed the woman softly, and put his cheek to hers, while the tide that had gone out from him rolled back, laden with wonder and disappointment, with despair and sorrow, and with loneliness for them both.

For now that the fire had gone from them and he was not consumed, swiftly in the strong, expanded time that stood empty where the ecstasy had been, he knew her for a vagrant like himself, and he treasured her for the commonness of their plight. She was as lost in the spaces of creation as was he, and like him, she had come from the Father. The journey was not over, the seeking was not done, but now in the night he knew another thing about himself, and about her, and about the Father.

In all that lay about them and that shone upon them, in the empires of their consciousness and in the walled cities of their flesh, there was but life and the forms of life, energy and the action of energy, mind and the thoughts of mind; these, and the knowledge that was himself, the flicker he saw in her eyes and knew now to be her own encampment on the desert of the earth, the winds that rustled them where they lay, the moon that pulled the spring tide toward their beach—these were the Father and the forms of the Father. He was himself in the Father, and the Father, somewhere, in some manner, was in him, and in her.

For could he not envision things, and build a cosmos in his mind? And was it not real, to him? Creation, then, must be in the mind of the Father, imagined by Him. And when he had come to know a thing, did it not exist as truly within him as it did without? Then could he not know the Father, and join with Him, by knowing the Father's mind and all that was in it? And when he knew it, would it not exist within him, in what he called his memory, his consciousness, his thought? And would he not be like the Father, knowing it, having it within Him, and contemplating it? Would he not, then, be the Father, as surely as the Father now was he?

He would search himself to find out. He would turn to the spaces within, where he had seldom been, and see if the universe was not there also, as it was without. He would do that, and he would contrive, cunningly, to imitate the Father, to test whether the Father was within him, whether He would move his hand. For though his thoughts were not the measure of the Father, the Father was the measure of what he could imagine, what he could plot, what he could call up from the reaches of his soul; and if these conjurings moved parallel with truth, with beauty, they would be both his and the Father's, and he and the Father, in them, would be one.

So the age of his artistry began, while the woman, stirring beside him, reached for the comfort of his flesh, the movement of man and woman, actor and activated, light and darkness, sword and scabbard, tide and beach. Touching her, he was the instrument of regeneration, the power of the seed, the sun on whose rise and fall and rise again the fields of life depended. Receiving him, she was the vessel of fertility. Under her surface lay the dark earth of the womb, waiting to be moved, to receive the seed, to nourish it, to foster it, to guide it in its division, its shaping, its growing, its seeking for light and life of its own. That was her way and her being. When she was not thus sought and stirred she departed to other creations, to the make-believe of wishes, to the fondling of things wrought by others. Then she withered like a vine, dead in herself, but clinging, brittle and garrulous, to the wall of desire.

Yet the rest of her was like him, and only the rest of her was real. So he took her, gently, to himself, for now she was his friend; and friendship is a fourth dimension of the emotions, a union not

made of wanting, of desire, of hunger, but based instead on the mutual recognition of a common origin, a contiguous destiny, an identical and inevitable end. From this and this alone could love emerge to flood the heart and wash the world back to the sea of the spirit.

He became a husband, and she a wife. With the clumsy physical apparatus fastened to them they imitated the Father, and the woman brought forth a child. Remembering peace, and the quiet of the cosmic night, they created a home in the earth. So easy was it for him to reach the comfort of the flesh, and to imitate in its joyous conflict the Gargantuan collisions in the atoms of the sun, the supernal rhythms of the spiral nebulae, that he was tempted to seek it for its own sake, forgetting that it was only the drive of the spirit seeking release, not the release itself; that it was the expression of a memory, a hope, a prayer, not fulfillment, not destiny.

He was tempted, but he did not succumb. For always when the peak was reached there was the abyss, the canyon of oncoming time which ecstasy, slipping away in the instant he reached it, left unused. Seeing it, falling into it, surrounded by its cold and its quiet, he knew it could be broken, could be stopped, and the moment made eternal, expanded to infinity and held, while life and the forms of life moved within it.

And this breaking, this stopping, this holding and expanding of the moment, he knew must be accomplished. All else was the journey, the lesson, the voyage of the soul. His longing had a meaning past its own exhaustion. It was a wind, and his flesh was a valley through which it moved, whispering.

Waiting, listening, in the valley of his flesh he heard the sounds of himself, the soft collision of his thoughts against the swift onrush of time. He could breast that flow, he found; he could stand in its center and push back the moments that struck him, holding them off a little, while the rest of the stream flowed around and past him. But it needed a tremendous effort, it used all the sinew of his mind; and still no instant could be held for long or examined with care. Only by spreading his mind to the width of the stream could he dam it completely and turn its pounding torrent into a quiet lake he could examine at leisure, and against whose farthest depths he could discern the bed over which it ran.

When first the awareness came to him that the spin and swing

of earth are not the banks of the stream of time, he was pleased and grateful. The walls which held time were within himself. They could be spanned and joined by his own power, until the flow was caught and held, while the world moved on.

He must dam the stream of time himself, by the force of his will and the cunning of his mind, with the tools of the trade of love—patience, longsuffering, humility, faith. Otherwise, when the pattern receded from his flesh and the atoms it held in plan were free to seek other destinies, the realities of existence, the rush and fling of creation's tides, would still go by him, and he would not know them for what they were. Death would not grant him comprehension; he must win it on his own.

But if he spanned and held the flow, what then? There were other streams of time; there were rivers of it; and there was, beyond all of them, the sea which received them. To breast each one, to hold back and pacify and explore the separate branches, and then to expand in thought so infinitely that the sea itself was embraced—this was the task set for him.

The stream which bathed him here was a little one, and swiftly though it seemed to run, he knew it was a plaything to the raging floods that roared beyond Arcturus. Here the stream was hemmed in, single in its direction, aware of its limitations, just as he was hemmed in, single in his direction, aware of his limitations. But when he was grown, when his consciousness was widened and made firm, he would put himself against those other streams, and reach out for the sea itself.

For now he perceived that time was the movement of creation, the unfoldment of evolution: and somewhere behind it, was the Father, setting forth the plan—moving the tides against the coasts, lifting the sea and dropping it in showers on the hills and mountains, that the streams and the rivers might be formed and fed. And this greater time, this vast expansion of the spin and swing of stars and planets, was the shadow he had sought, the part of him that was gone, the something he had forgotten that lay behind him, moving as he moved, stalking him, but casting no shadow, making no sound. It was the ultimate, infinite woman he longed to embrace, who would lift him into herself and set the loneliness free from his heart. Against her he could relax, while she swept over and around him; against her he could press, and grow

from the effort. She was cool on his brow, she soothed his limbs, she murmured in his ear, she prepared the abyss which received him when his ecstasy with the woman of earth was achieved, and within it she waited for him.

Consummation, then, was not an end in itself. It was a way. Beyond it, within the abyss, lay time, the mistress of his soul. The woman of earth was her shadow, the calendar was her raiment; threefold and subtle she beckoned from every instant, she offered herself in every thought. And because she came also from the Father, and in the differentiation of her streams and rivers shared somewhat his exile from participation in total existence, she was his friend, just as her shadow the woman of earth and her raiment the calendar were the friends of his shadow and his raiment—his shadow, which reached for the woman of earth, and his raiment, which circled the sun.

He pondered this partner of his wanderings, whom in his destiny he must learn to embrace and make quiet. He considered that they were set to fall naturally against each other, in shadow, in raiment, and in thought, and from the impact to gradually mingle their beings, she to spin inward toward the unmoving point of his self-consciousness, he to whirl outward toward the circumference of her sea. When thus they were wholly intermingled they would be still and know God; and He, the Father, in them would be fulfilled. They would be in the Father and the Father would be in them. They would no longer move within creation; creation would move within them; they would have neither shadow nor raiment; they would be thought, dwelling in love.

He wished, when he knew this, that already it lay done within him, and the struggle of the two, the impact and the mingling, were done. But the woman of earth walked past him then, and the south wind lifted the spring dress of the maple trees. Already the world had put flowers in her hair, and perfume behind her ears. Suddenly he turned back his head and laughed, so loudly that a mocking bird stopped singing and stared down at him, as if he were mad.

So the age of his wisdom began. He accepted with willingness the discipline of marriage. He did not regret it when, reaching for the mistress of his soul, he found only the arm, the lips, and the breasts of her shadow, while she herself raced past and around him,

like water pouring over his hand. He waited with joy for the abyss, where he would, in some faraway moment as yet unfastened from the sea and dropped on the hills which fed his river, meet her fully and mix with her completely. Only then would he discover and know himself; and when that was come about he would, in the surge of that enlightenment and the strength of that oneness, set out to return to the Father.

It might be but a step to Him, it might be a fearful journey through countless galaxies of space and consciousness, crossed by greater and swifter rivers of time. But one thing was certain; he must return. It was his only task; all others were contained within it. There was no other thing to do, and he had therefore better be about doing it.

It must permeate all of his thought and deeds. It must become his state of consciousness, as quiet and as certain as his knowledge of himself. It must pry from him, bit by bit, atom by atom, the crust of the world. It must make him poor in the spirit, so that whatever his possessions, they will not possess him. It must teach him to see in every human being, however lost or ruined, something he recognizes as an attribute of the Father. It must teach him to love all things and all beings, and to regard them as part of himself. It must teach him to pray, to listen, and to reach with his heart toward eternity.

So the age of his seeking began. He stood on the edge of his dream, not quite a mystic, not quite a man of the world. With longing he looked at the loneliness in the earth woman's eyes; with tenderness he watched the growing strength of their child. But in sudden silences, and in moments left over from his thought, he listened, wondering if in one of those instants the even swing of the law might gently break a little, and the hand of the Holy Ghost reach through to touch his eyes.

He did not think it would; he knew, in fact, that it would not. He was too far away. But he could not help listening; he could not help hoping. And while he listened and hoped he set down in language and number, in sculpture and song, the record of his journey, the biography of his mind, the story of his soul. He set it down unhurriedly, carefully, against that night when he would reach the abyss alone, without the earth woman, and from its darkness not return.

## CENTURY OF TRIALS

The twentieth century  
is for every man a time of trials.  
The American People  
entered our time of trials  
with very little preparation.

We had forgotten  
the anguish of emigrant ships,  
the hunger and strained muscles, the shirt soaked with sweat,  
the twang of the broadax and the blue smoke of brushfires  
frosty mornings;  
the heave and wrench of shoulders and back and the yank on  
the traces and the throat dry from cursing the  
lurching plow through roots and matted snags  
in the clearing,

We had forgotten  
the forest, the fear, the hostiles unseen behind treetrunks, the  
eyes strained in the sharp wind on the ridge for a glimpse of level  
lands to the westward, the heavy tramp home through wet snow to  
the cabin, the words spelled out of the Book by the firelight, the  
search for the still inner voice, security in the guidance of God on  
the hard seats of country meetinghouses, the simple geography  
of Heaven and Hell,  
the communion of a rough people banded together,  
each clumsily made in God's image,  
to build  
far from the sins of the world  
a republic.

We entered our time of trials  
with certain mechanical aptitudes:  
we knew the internal combustion engine  
the planning of assembly lines and the organization by stock  
companies of massed machinery or money or men. Business was



the occupation of Americans: business meant manifold activities:  
buying and selling, the knavish tricks that rig the market, befuddle  
with shoddy the mind of the medium man, doctor the dice, grab  
the inside track. Freedom

meant that a man was free to think of no interests but his own,  
to sit secure on his winnings  
and let the rest be damned.

In the press of business  
we had somehow forgotten  
the plain aims and purposes  
for which we founded  
far from the world's thrones  
and principalities and powers  
an American Republic.

JOHN DOS PASSOS



LANDSCAPE STUDY

C. B. CASTNER



WINTER SCENE

MARION JUNKIN

—Collection, Virginia Museum of Fine Arts

T. K. Wolfe, Jr.

## SHATTERED

## I

Stale brown-daubed towels and the deep male stench and the acrid knife of strong foot balm and the cool hardness of the concrete floor produced the dressing room smell which had filled Ernie Land, and he thought of dressing rooms, of this dressing room and others (still pictures flashing through his mind), of how this smell admitted no thoughts but dressing room thoughts, and of the many times he had known this smell. Last year, when he had played football in high school (change of environment made sharp the cleavage of time), he had thought that college dressing rooms would be different. In his mind he had awarded them that clean piquant medical odor suggested by the foot balm. But this was no different from any dressing room he had known before, except that he thought it was very big for freshman football. The locker doors made the cheap rattle of thin metal when they closed, and naked unshaded light bulbs diffused their untempered suffocating brilliance from the ceiling.

Ernie Land stared blankly at the oppressive candescence above him, and when he lowered his head, he closed his eyes and saw bright fading light spots. The dressing room was under The University's concrete stadium that held seating space for over sixty thousand spectators. Because the lights wasted themselves on the ceiling, the corners were shadowy. Ernie Land, naked and meditating, sat on the bench in front of his locker in the corner. The boy on his left was almost dressed, and this fact caused Ernie Land to look at the round clock over the doorway. The time was 1:25, which meant that he had twenty minutes in which to get dressed and be out on the field in time for the warmup drills before the game. Other naked and half-naked football players choked the room with their already sweating bodies and their youthful garbality and the rumble of dressing for a football game.

The room was long and had painted-gray lockers along each wall, except at one end where two big wooden doors, with air-

valve hinges, opened into a shower room on one side and a toilet on the other. Two long rows of lockers filled the middle of the room so that there was little space between the green wooden benches in front of these lockers and the benches in front of the lockers on the sides.

Ernie Land looked around and saw men and boy-men. He looked down upon the boy-men, tall young-faced football players with muscled legs but shallow chests, wide bony shoulders and long thin arms, long narrow meatless midsections, and small necks. They could run. They had been good high school football players; but they were boy-men.

The doorway and the benches and all the space between the benches were filled with players, all moving and dressing and talking. Ernie Land glanced at them reflectively for a moment and wondered what kind of football players they would make, and if any of them would ever be the best. He looked at the big Polish-looking boys with hulking shapeless muscles, who made slow ham-handed thick-fingered gestures when they spoke, and at two smallish dark-skinned Italian boys with thin carved features and lean well-defined bodies, and at a buck Negro boy, one of the two colored boys on the squad, heavily muscled with thick sloping trapezii and bulging deltoids and an oaken waist.

A room full of noise and smells and motion, men and boy-men, anticipation, apprehension. Anticipation and apprehension: because they were going to play a football game this afternoon, because this was the first game on the schedule, because this would be a physical contest, because you always anticipate and apprehend before a football game. Standing up now, he stepped into his jockstrap and pulled the elastic cloth tight. He slipped a magnesium cup into the pouch and snapped the little metal fasteners that closed the pouch over the cup.

His thoughts drifted back to high school days. One long year now separated him from high school days. The cleavage of time. He had been a great high school football player, and students used to stare at him when he walked down the halls to class, and the high school girls wanted him to love them up when he went out with them, and one of them . . . But it was not good to think like that before a football game. He reached into his locker (the metal clanked) and took out his shoulder pads and slipped them over

his head and onto his shoulders and tied them in the front. He put his arms through the arms of his game jersey (dark blue with big white-satiny numbers) and then stretched his arms straight over his head so that the mouth of the jersey was over his head. He forced his upstretched arms outward to make the jersey slip over the bulk of the shoulder pads without having to be pulled down by another player.

He started thinking about what the newspapers had said of him when he played high school ball. One article stuck in his mind: "Ernie Land, a piston-legged six-foot 185-pound halfback, to-day . . ." Piston-legged—he smiled.

"Move over a little, will you?" A fleshy-big Polack spoke. His tone was respectful (this pleased Ernie Land), and his voice rang untruly with apology.

"Sure."

Ernie Land knew that the other freshman football players respected him. Many of them self-consciously, almost happily, as they spoke to him when they passed each other on the campus, and some of them tried to hang around him, came into his dormitory room at night to talk to him fawningly, as if they thought the slight acquaintanceship between them would wither if not nurtured daily. This small world of respect and, he supposed, admiration welled up in his mind until it became the vague inchoate petty-seed of a wonderful someday hero-worship by the whole University. "Choo-Choo Charlie" . . . "What-What Ernie" . . . Ernie was a hard name to handle, but they would think of something; they always did. Maybe—

"Loan me your towel, Ernie."

"Huh?" Christ, daydreaming. "What did you say, Tommy?"

"Your towel, give it to me a second, will you?" He turned and handed his folded white towel to Tommy, who was seated in back of him on a bench in front of one of the locker rows in the center of the room.

Now wipe your crotch on it. He smiled to himself; that's almost as bad, wiping foot balm off the top of your foot.

"Thanks, Ernie." The boy named Tommy returned the towel  
"O. K."

He always answered a thank you with ineffusiveness, with an "O. K." or a "Yeah" or a "Sure," flat guttural words, because that

was the way in which he had heard taxi drivers and burly chunky-armed truck loaders answer.

No time for daydreaming now, for they would soon have to go onto the field to warmup. But still, how could he help wondering how he would do this afternoon? A freshman football game is an innocuous thing. Innocuous: a good word. But the University isn't looking for a great freshman team. It's looking for great freshman football players. Let them block for you, but don't melt into the anonymity of a team. Eighty-five freshman football players will be out there this afternoon. How many of them do you think are going to be given the chance to play enough big time college football in the next three years to get to the top? Eighty-five? Guess again, son. Eighty-five, my ass. Life must have an art. Football: a game, a thing of base physical aspect. Perhaps. But it's the only art you know. It'll be your only memory.

Christ, what thoughts. Does anybody else in here think like that? He doubted it. But not all of them are going to play. Ernie Land was going to start. Only eleven out of eighty-five were going to start, and the fact gave him a good feeling. Of eighty-five players, forty-two were backs. Only four were going to start. Twenty-four of them were listed as halfbacks. Two of them will start. And who is one of them? He toyed with the numbers in his mind and made pleasing ratios. You're cocky. But you're no leg athlete, either. He straightened his right arm and turned the palm out so that his big triceps stood out and then brushed some imaginary dirt off them with his left hand so that he could look at them unobtrusively.

"What's the matter, Ernie, you in a coma?" Tommy, who had almost finished putting on his equipment, was talking.

(Pause) "Yeah, yeah, I guess I was at that" (spoken slowly, ending in a short laugh). (Speaking faster) "Christ, I better hurry up."

"We got to be out there in ten minutes."

Ernie Land reached down and put on his socks. He ran his hand over his left knee which was wrapped tightly and neatly in clean white tape enclosed in a white leather-and-elastic brace that had hinged steel rods running up the sides. You really screwed up that knee in high school. If it gets creamed again, you've had it. But it was that way all last year, and you had college scouts climbing all

over you. Still, the doctor (he remembered the paunchy man with big arms that moved like those of a masseur) said if you hurt it again . . . hell, you don't get hurt if you know how to handle yourself. Roll when you hit the ground, spin when you're being tackled . . . no solid impacts.

He fingered the steel on the brace and glanced up at the big round moaning fan built into the wall up near the ceiling on his right. The whirring blades made odd patterns of light and shadow, curving, arching, wavering, then fading out.

He thought of running, running fast like he did, of that powerful, almost sensory feeling he had when he was overtaking a runner or knew he was pulling away from one. The sensation of the ever-quickenning tempo of an end sweep being translated into the rising, now murmuring, now roaring noise of the crowd: he loved it. He put on his hip pads. They were plastic, so that they wouldn't slow him down. He looked down and saw the electric light being reflected off the shiny steel of the knee-brace.

Ernie Land suddenly realized that most of the players had finished dressing and were sitting on the benches talking or walking around the concrete floor, walking gingerly because they had on cleats. He reached into his locker for his pants and shoes (the door-metal clanked).

"O. K., shake a leg, you guys. We're due out there in about two minutes." The freshman coach was speaking. He was a big plush red-faced man, about fifty years old and balding, who had been a great lineman at the University in his playing days. He was strong-willed, and he worked his players hard. Ernie Land liked him. Everybody did.

"Hey Land!" he hollered in a smiling belly-born voice. "What have *you* been doing?" Laughter from the players. "This ain't siesta time, you know." Laughter from the players. "I hope you run faster than you dress." More laughter.

Ernie Land did not know how to answer this amiable humor, and so he turned and laughed himself with a tooth-white grin.

He took the white-satiny pants from the locker. The door-metal clanked as the thigh guards brushed by.

## II

Faces were packed in about that of Ernie Land, and it was un-

real. The eleven starters and the coach were in a crude squashed huddle on the sideline in front of the players' bench, and in moments the players would be out on the field to start the game. The meaty huddle choke of faces and bodies defied normal function of the senses. Sight was beaten back into the brain. Smells were labored and hidden in the excelsior-like confusion of impressions. Breathing came hard. Ernie Land wanted to escape from this moment into the openness he had left, but the feeling gained only hazy consciousness. The red-faced coach had his arms sprawled awkwardly about the crush of bodies. His left hand rested in the small of Ernie Land's back, and Ernie Land absent-mindedly tried to discern life in that hand, life independent of the head that was now speaking to them.

The red-faced coach spoke, and Ernie Land had to hear his words without the congested arrest of senses which defied hearing. "Now, you know that—common sense'll tell you—that it's going to be easier to win the rest . . . of the games on-a-the schedule, if we can take this one . . . And—a—I know that you boys . . . uh" (he search for words and spoke rapidly when he found them) "are going to give a good account of yourselves . . ."

Just across from the face of Ernie Land, the face of the buck Negro boy was already glossy with sweat, so that his thick flat features were statuesque. The dark, almost indistinguishable beard tufts that ridged his upper lip held such a heavy dew of sweat-beads that they seemed at any moment ready to rivulet into a saline sweat-taste on his lips.

"Now, I know that—a—these guys aren't going to let you run all over them, but-a-well, I don't know how you feel about it . . . but I want—and I think you do, too . . . to . . ."

The Italian boy had his helmet off, and his narrow forehead was web-veined. His pulse was visible at his temple, fast, regular, never hesitant. Ernie Land could feel the innards of his torso vibrate with his own heartbeat. It was faster than the Italian's. It slowed when he took a breath, but then it sped up again. Christ, doesn't the Italian breathe?

"Now, remember: when the ball changes hands, you got to get off the damn field in a hurry so that the other unit can get—a—in position. And—a— . . ."

Christ, won't this ever break up? Moments are years. Swing



wide on end sweeps so that guard (the sudden picture of a short big-calved beefy-necked boy) can get the line-backer. No use to think of those things now. Be confident. Suppose they do better than you? (The sudden picture of the Italian and of the buck Negro) Suppose you're really not the runner you think you are? But you are. You can't forget that. You think different from them: you can make yourself as great as you want. They can't. But do they think like that, too? Are you just another person?

"All right, boys, let's go . . ."

The squashed huddle burst apart, and many of the players shouted, as much with an unconscious sense of relief from the huddled oppression as with enthusiasm for the start of the contest. Ernie Land trotted on his toes to his position near the end zone to await the kickoff, for his team was going to receive. Ernie Land looked down the field at the other club. Funny, he had hardly even thought of them before he came onto the field. Their jerseys and pants and helmets were dark green, but the greenness had a dulled look that tipped off that the uniforms were hand-downs from previous varsity days. But they hinted also of a previous luster.

A stillness checkered only by the boom of the public address system and a few shouts from the players brought to mind, in lieu of its absence, the usual football roar of the University's stadium. The spectators were not a crowd; they were a collection, a spare smattering of people. They dotted the stands at the fifty-yard sector of one side of the field, and the little noise that they made gurgled faintly from the stomach of the cavernous arena.

The crowd is looking at you. But why should it be looking at you? There are eighty-five blue-shirted football players on this field, and God knows how many in green. But suppose they are looking at you. How do you look to them? Does it matter? Not really . . . but what makes you want to look good, that won't let you think of anything else but looking good? The crowd.

Some crowd. The meager number of spectators had been a shock to him when he came onto the field. He had known that people would not flock to see two freshman football teams clash, and in his conscious mind he had seen before the game a crowd of about this size. But something deep in his nature made him see a strangeness in this collection of fans, as if they were a skeleton of his former glory, his high school days. But the warm knowledge

that this was only the beginning made him know another feeling, not new to him by any means, a feeling of freshness that livened his stride.

In his own mind he could see his calves contract with each step. Oh, the life in these legs. His leg-mind yearned to release the live energy in his leg muscles. He wanted to run.

## ii

And now the kickoff (high, far, end-over-end, a good kickoff) set in motion the patterns of men in Ernie Land's field of vision. His sight shifted blurrily from the towering grey walls of stadium stands to the chalkiness of the sky and back to the grey walls again, as the ball made its descent. It came near him, but the buck Negro boy had caught it. Just before running upfield to block for him, Ernie Land saw him catch the ball in the pit of his stomach and saw his face set rigidly before he started running. Careful on kick-offs. Bad angles, rushing men. In his running haziness he saw the front line drop back just a little to form a blocking pocket for the runner. Green uniforms charged into his field of vision. Roll into the first greenness that comes near you. Look for greenness.

It had been a high kick, plenty of distance. The buck Negro wouldn't go far. They were on him. A thrashing entanglement of blue and green uniforms suddenly formed before his eyes. He slowed his pace to cut to his right, and when he did so, he could feel the Negro, who was right behind him and who had not slowed, pushing him forward with his hand. Shoulder pads and hip pads clattered in disordered succession like hoofbeats in a horse race. The pound of his own feet on the turf thudded through his body until it became a great noise within him. He rolled hard with a cross-body block into greenness that was suddenly before him. But greenness rushed by him, and as he hit the body and rolled spinning to the turf, he heard the clatter behind him of the Negro being tackled. He got to his feet and instinctively hitched his pants. He looked at the yard-line marker. They had reached the twenty-two. Two better than a touchback, he told himself.

## iii

The Italian boy was waiting for the huddle to form, waiting to call the next play. Christ, do you suppose he is thinking like you are? Is he going to be the big man today? There are other games,

but the first impressions . . . Let them know you now. But if he doesn't call your plays; but, hell, that was only the first play of the game. Still, a pass into the flat on the first play . . . but it had been sharp, and it had worked. The Italian must have known he could throw that damn ball, and, Christ, he can. A short gain, though, five-six yards. Now the huddle was formed, rectangular, orthodox. The Italian was in the center of the rectangle. His eyes darted about. His mouth was closed and expressionless. It never opened, except when he was going to speak. Doesn't he breathe through his mouth?

"Thirty-seven on four." He spoke to Ernie Land, but he did not call him by name: "Swing wide so Kreiger can get the line-backer." Ernie Land nodded.

Ernie Land at left halfback. The Italian boy at quarterback, behind the center, calling signals.

"Six-man!"

Christ, what a high pitched voice.

"One . . . two . . ." The Italian's glance moved from side to side over the defense arrayed against him, as he crouched with his hands under the center.

"Four!" Move! Everything motion, blurriness. The Italian pivoted from under the center with the ball. Ernie Land cut towards the right side of the line. Swing wide. The buck Negro full-back was just ahead of him. The guard had pulled out almost too soon. The Italian's arm went back, the pitchout came. Ernie Land took it in full stride. Swing wide. Now turn it on! The right half-back had flattened the defensive end. The big one's out of there. Blue uniforms and green uniforms and greyness and chalkiness, colors bouncing harshly off one another. Get the line-backer, you Kreiger! The beefy-necked guard had dug his shoulder into the line-backer. Now move! move! Stay with the sidelines, all the way, all the way. He was side by side with the defensive halfback, at whom the buck Negro lunged but missed. Move! move! He knew he was out-running him. He was beginning to thrill to his speed. Now he was running at the safety man, the last man, the last man. The greenness crouched beyond, sprang, but Ernie Land was by him. You'll score now. Show them all your speed. Now they'll know you (the goalposts bobbed before him. You're over now.) He circled out of the end zone, striding easily. The fan collection was trying

to overcome with sound the smallness of its number. If only he could have made that run and watched it at the same time. He had a warm feeling. He trotted up the field for his praise.

## iv

Still running. Unstoppable, unstoppable. Your day. The public address system: sometimes you hear it, sometimes you do not. But it has told those people your name. They are repeating it, remembering it. Can you really be elated? You cannot forget the nature of this contest: freshman football. But will you hear your name if it is on sixty thousand lips?

Ernie Land thought these things as he got up from the ground after being tackled. Green uniforms were already starting to mass themselves in a tight defensive line, for they were up against their own goal. Ernie Land had been tackled, but he had run thirty-eight yards to the two-yard line on what started as a straight buck. The speed sensation which he had known as he outdistanced the secondary was still strong in his being.

As the buck Negro boy cracked over center for the touchdown, Ernie Land was faking to his right. It was better this way, actually. The touchdown was a reflection of your ability. In fact, it was your creation. Do they know that? They are bound to.

## v

The green team had started to move. Its big rumbling single wing powered off the tackles and trapped up the middle for pounding gain after gain. It scored and added the point after touchdown.

But the score is still 14-7, and so your team is not in too much danger. Your team. But that isn't exactly what you mean, is it? You want the score to stay close, don't you? So that the red-faced coach will have to keep playing you . . . you who are his star, you have run wild whenever they have given you the ball, you who are going places. Are you a prick for thinking this way? You would be a prick if you talked this way. That is the gauzy difference between prick and non-prick. Who knows what people think?

## vi

Halftime eulogies by the red-faced coach were still pungent in the mind of Ernie Land. The fact that the score was now tied, 14-14, late in the third quarter, increased their pungency. For

Ernie Land knew that he would now have a meaningful role, even though the game itself was meaningless. The role of the tie-breaker would be his. It would be his, because by tacit consent, by tacit confirmation of all in the faith in Ernie Land which he himself held, he had become the club's offense. The other backs were not gaining, but Ernie Land was. True, he was not springing loose for the sensational sprints of the first half, but he gained consistently. The day was acknowledged his. The Italian boy, the dark reserved phlegmatic indifferent Italian boy, was calling him "Ernie" now. This pleased Ernie Land most of all: to win respect of one whom he respected.

The defensive unit was in now. He looked down the bench. The Italian boy looked up, at him, and then motioned with his head toward the field with a dissatisfied twist to his mouth, as a line-backer missed his tackle, and a green uniform spun for a first down. Ernie Land shook his head in wry discontent, appreciating all the while the new friendship he had silently gained.

His legs felt good. He wanted to keep running. It was his day. He knew it. And he knew it meant more days for him, bigger days.

#### vii

The official standing by the huddle said: "Two minutes to go, boys." Ernie Land looked at the Italian (on one knee in the center of the huddle), who still had his brooding scowl, his darting eyes, his poise. The Italian looked through a gap between two players in the middle and surveyed the defensive linemen. Ernie Land followed his glance and saw a green-uniformed lineman with his back towards him, giving defensive signals.

"Sixty-five on three. Now, remember, Ernie, this is a *delayed* buck. Give it a one count. You got to give that guard [he nodded vaguely toward the waiting defenders] time to be trapped. All right, we got just two yards for the first down. There's just two minutes to play, but nobody gets panicky."

"Six-man!" The shrill voice.

Two yards. On our thirty-seven. Thirty-seven and two is thirty-nine. Forty is a neater number. Not really, but yes, really. On the forty, sixty yards to go. On the thirty-nine add one, sixty-one, sixty-one to go. But get the two. Your day. You'll be running now. They need a first down, so they call on you. Naturally. Why do you say "they?"

"One . . . two . . .

Get that damn guard out of there. Give it a one count. Then move!

"Three!" Nowness. One. Cut. Move!

The Italian pivoted, faked a pitchout to the right. Green line-men reached out for the Italian, but suddenly crashed to the ground. The trap worked. Filmy merging suddenness.

Don't look at the ball when you take it. The Italian planted it surely in Ernie Land's stomach. You've got it. Good hole. Grey-ness blueness greenness chalkiness—all bouncing. Cut for the sidelines. Pick up interference. Move! Shift the ball to your right hand. The line-backer (greenness trying to set for a tackle)—Outrun him. Speed. Move! All senses blotted out by movement. Only pressure beating down on all your senses. He moved in behind the interference which had formed on the right side of the line. Move, you bastards! The whole secondary was coming at him now, because he had to slow down to pick up his blockers. Turn it on. Keep to the sidelines. Turn it on. The goalposts a shaking wicket in his vision. Closer, close. Nearer, near. Now two blurred greennesses had him trapped on the sidelines. You can't cut back. Spin through them. Move! Spin! He drove the heel of his left hand into the face of one of the tacklers, whose head snapped back and who sprawled off balance. But the other—angling in at you. Spin off. Maybe you can—he's got you. Half-block, half-tackle. Roll. You—

The moment. Atom of time. Dirt clods, stringy, on the chalkiness, the grey walls spinning. The greenness that hit you. The motion. When you hit the ground. Have you hit? You roll. The moment and the eternity and the nature and the unnaturalness. You've stopped. Why have you no senses still?

The knee, the knee, the live pain that lasts how long? . . . Will be right if you walk on it? Walk on it? Oh, Christ!

He tried to get up, but somebody was pushing him back to the ground. "Lay still, Ernie, lay still." It can't be that bad. That's what they say to guys who are really hurt . . . That doesn't happen to you . . . Football can't hurt you . . . The knee, the brace, nothing hurts the brace . . . It'll all go away . . .

The pain came into real consciousness. It came in a great wave through his body, and when it hit his stomach he felt nausea.

The faces peering down at him. Faces of pity? No, fear. No,

horror. Horror? Why horror? Ernie Land's horror! Unreality. He saw hazily the tip of his nose, and he saw the unspeaking faces, saw chalkiness above them all.

What's happened to it? Oh, God, make them do something, snap something, move something! Oh, God, who watcheth the freshman football game!

"Hurry up with the stretcher." A player spoke in a half whisper to someone whom Ernie Land could not see. Why don't you shout, you bastards! It would be kinder. The whisper tears into your senses . . .

He struggled to one elbow. Someone pushed him down again. The pain, the knee! He had seen it. His left foot lay flat on the ground with its toe pointed to the right, inward. The back of his calf and the top of his thigh were both facing left, outward. His knee joint was little more than a swivel in which the lower half of his leg could have been spun round and round.

"How do you feel, Ernie?" Feel? Oh, God! His heart beat like a raw cleaver at his chest wall as if to break through and gush out his blood. He flailed his arms over his face until they were held down, and then he clawed the earth. His brain burned in his skull. Realizations which he could not focus in his consciousness pulled the fibre of his mind apart.

It has actually happened. These dumb goddam people are gawking at your helplessness. They reflect your pain; you feel it. They are yourself, yourself who has looked at others injured and have never known their pain. Now you, the man apart, know their pain, are one of them, and are you screaming, and are you moaning? Pain tears your mind from you, and pain is your mind, and you are pain, and pain without thoughts, and thoughts without pain, and pain and thoughts: a oneness. Why don't you pass out? Why don't they do something?

"How is he?" A striped-shirt official edged through the circle of players around Ernie Land. How is he? What the hell do you care? How will he be? that's your question. But you won't think to ask it. You won't know its meaning.

He looked up and saw with tear-bleared sweat-bleared mind-bleared eyes the narrow aspect of the Italian—his thin mouth was partly open, his black eyes did not dart. They were wide, wondrous. The coolness was gone. That had a terrible meaning to

Ernie Land. He wanted to vomit, but nothing was in him but pain and his raw-stinging heart. The lean Italian face, the twisted horror of his leg, the stripes of the official's shirt, the chalkiness, the greyness, the greenness, the blueness: the blackness.

What is it keeps rending your brain? What is it you know but will not tell yourself? Can pain of leg-fire keep out a greater pain? Why don't they bring the goddam stretcher?

Oh, God deliver me, he thought and perhaps said.

"O. K., easy now, easy now. Careful. Watch that leg. That's it." The stretcher bearer was lean drawn with veinous arms, products of strain. Ernie Land thought of pall-bearers. "You'll be O. K., son." What do you know about it, you simple unpained unknowing bastard? Be O.K., son. To end with "son:" an epitaph. But they can fix bad legs, you kid yourself.

Two of the players standing over him looked at one another and shook their heads. The bastards. The bastards. Not before you do they shake their heads. If you could tell them.

The stretcher-bearers carried him slowly to the sidelines. The fans, in all their sparseness, were on their feet, straining mightily to fill with sound the great bowl, to scream for Ernie Land, whose pulsating quickness had been the pleasure of their afternoon.

The noise of their effort broke into the chaos of the mind of Ernie Land. Sound, pictures, nausea, pain, aching, longings, remembrances, flashes became a delirious kaleidoscope of senses, of blackness, and darker blackness, and deeper blackness yet, particles of shattered time, of shattered thought, of shattered sense, turning, dissolving, flitting, curdling, with the sombre power of black and blacker blackness. The crowd. The skeleton of greatness. So it was a skeleton, a dead skeleton, a ghost straining to generate the flesh and blood it might someday have had. The life-art: the blackness with tinsel bits of past time dissolving into its blacker blackness.

Oh Tomorrow, Tomorrow! You are the knee, you are the pain, you are the shattered moment.

But Christ, they've fixed up things like this before. Those bastards are carrying you too fast, now. They've fixed . . . Maybe—

Oh, God.



## DISTURBANCE

## I

morning room  
in morning sunlight,  
streaming  
bars  
across  
dull  
floors,  
they sit, drab blue against grey walls,  
and only wonder.  
this is you,  
the kind who falls—  
unadjustable you,  
who animal crouch  
about three walls  
in unnerved morning  
waiting room; disturbed,  
unadjustable you.

## II

he  
all the time,  
all the time, he stands  
revolving on a not pedestal.  
a little he sits, no rest  
there. all the time,  
he stands  
to gleam his  
hollow eyes  
around at nothing  
all the time;  
and a little he sits.

## III

geraldine

eye sunken  
idunnoowhereiam  
notalcoholic drunken  
takes geraldine  
her seat, scared, shaken.

## IV

shock

the door says  
shock when it opens,  
and moving white  
calls 'next.'  
he (who doesn't  
get up because  
all the time  
he stands) follows.

the door says  
shock when it closes,  
and silent geraldine  
sits drunken, shaken, scared.

MERRILL PALMER

H. W. Hoffman

July 4, 1944

In the beginning there had been great pain, and it had stopped. Whenever it was about to come back, he could almost feel something, and it would never come. After that there was nothing and then there was less of nothing. He didn't exactly feel anything, nor did he not feel anything—there was a sense of being but none of life. If I open my eyes, he thought, I will see something. Why don't I open my eyes? How long he had been this way—or not been this way—he had no idea. But the thing he couldn't understand was why he didn't open them; it had been easy for him before, he didn't even have to think about it.

But now it was different for some reason. He had found it easier to picture things with his mind against the blackness. At first it was very different, and he could only make numbers. He made them white because that seemed right against the background. Four was the easiest. All you had to do was think of four, and it would shine there as plain as day. One was very hard; it had taken a long time. Later he tried to change the color of the numbers, and that worked too. Then he found the most marvelous thing of all—the background could be changed from dark to light. That gave him almost boundless chances to do things.

First he did water. Then he tried to draw trees. It was very difficult, and he kept erasing them and starting over again. His first ones were all pines and always looked jagged and flat. Finally, however, he got so he could draw a pretty good pine and tried other things. When he did houses, they always turned out the same one—a little English colonial with white painted brick and grilled windows. He put it on a hill among pine trees and made a driveway lead up to it. But it made him mad that he couldn't do another one. He could make it change color a little, but the shape was always the same. So he quit doing houses for a while. But one time he went up the drive and found a dog breathing in the sun. It was brown and white, and he couldn't change it. One day he

went clear up to the door, but it was closed, and he didn't try to go in. It was all right because he wanted to save a little for later; it was bad to go too fast and wear things out. He was tired of the dog because he had watched it breathe in the sun too much. He felt he'd better go slow on the house since he couldn't build another. He would walk around it a lot, but he never went in.

On very rare occasions he was lucky enough to hear voices. They never made any sense, but they were nice to hear. There was one that was funny and he would laugh. He didn't feel himself, but he thought himself laughing; he never heard it, but he knew that was what he was doing. He wondered a lot who the voices were and sometimes drew pictures of what he thought they looked like. The only one he could do well was the funny one—really an extra-funny one. It was hoarse and cursed a lot, and he made it belong to a big red-haired man with a flat nose. Sometimes he tried to talk back to it, but it never seemed to hear him. However, it always made him feel good—or think good—to hear that voice.

"Nurse, get another liter of saline and some vaseline gauze."

That wasn't the funny one. It always ordered the other voices around and was never funny. He could never draw it either.

"How much morphine have you been giving him, corporal?"

"Five, sir."

There was the funny one. He would be bound to say something funny any minute now.

"Better increase it to five and a quarter."

"Yes, sir. I though one grain would kill a normal man, sir."

"Obviously, corporal, this isn't a normal man. The potentiality increases very quickly, and, in cases like this, much is absorbed by the carbon. Now put on some gloves and hold him up while the nurse and I wrap him."

Just give it a little. It would come. You wait and see.

"Thank you, nurse. Corporal, give him that saline."

"Sir, where shall I stick it in? It ran on the floor last time."

"Oh, for God's sake, give it to me. Now, be sure to keep the flies off of him. If I find one there, I'll have your stripes. Come, nurse."

"Yes, sir, I'll keep 'em off, sir. God damn, buddy, why would a fly want to get on you? You stink worse than a frog pissoir."

There it was! Oh, I knew it would say something funny, he

thought to himself. That one was always good. He wanted to let the voice know how funny it was, but he didn't know how. Sometimes, too, he tried to draw smells. He could think them, but that wasn't any good. They were very hard to do, and he couldn't make up his mind about them. He would usually make bad ones black and purple, but sometimes he made them brown and red too. The good ones were always white and blue, however; you just couldn't beat white and blue together. Yellow, he found, didn't have any, even if you mixed it with blue; it still smelled blue, or, rather, it thought blue.

The thing that really beat him, though, was breeze. Try as he could, he couldn't think it. He tried everything he knew, but it just couldn't be done. He gave it up after a while. He thought thirst and decided to do some ice-water. Although it was easy to draw, it was hard to tell what kind of glass would be best. The long-stemmed ones were the prettiest, but they didn't hold as much water as the tall ones. They didn't hold as much ice either. He had made brandy inhalers once, but the mouths had been too small to put ice cubes in, so he quit making them. He finally decided on a tall one. First he filled it with large cubes to the top, and then he poured clean water around them almost right up to the top. Then he'd leave it there a little while so that the outside would frost up some. After that came the hard part—he never knew exactly what to do with it after he made it. Oh, he knew he was supposed to drink it, but how? What shall I do with it? One time he tried to draw a man to drink it, but the glass was so big there wasn't any room left. So it always ended up that he drew a black door over them and left them full. It was the only thing he could think of. Someday he was going to open that door and see how many were there—there must be a lot of them now, he thought.

For a while he couldn't think of anything to draw and wished for the funny voice to come. He never knew when it would, but he knew he liked it better than the rest. But it didn't and he decided to draw the house again. He only had to think of it, and it would be there as always, so he thought of it. The trees around the house looked motionless and heavy, and as he went up the drive the sun reflected slowly on the little white stones along the way. There was some iris too and grasshoppers moved. The dog was sleeping in the sun and breathing and he watched it for a while. It needs

a good bath, he thought. He moved around the house; some of the white paint was flaking off the brick and a garden hose lost itself in the high grass. The tall windows that opened on the side porch were open, and since the front door was still closed, he went in this way. He was tired of the outside.

It was a small room with wooden walls, but there was no furniture in it. He decided to furnish it himself. First he did a carpet on the floor and a sofa on each side of the open fireplace with a table between them. Then he put chairs and lamps around, a writing desk in the corner, and filled the shelves in the wall with books. Then he did some pictures on the wall, mostly water colors, not very good. He didn't know why he didn't make them better. But there was still something missing by the tall windows. For a while he didn't know what to put there. He tried a radio but it didn't look right. He tried a piano and it was all right. The top was down and there was a picture on it of two people. He didn't mean it to be, but it seemed all right, so he didn't change it. One was a tall girl with auburn hair and deep brown eyes covered by a veil. The full-length white dress spread around her feet like a puddle of melting snow. The other was a thin young man with a narrow face and full, petulant lips. He wore an ascot and held her hands in his. It was a very pleasant picture. The keys of the piano were dirty and on the fine-grained wood of the treble end there were little cigarette scars. He didn't put them there either. He wanted to play, so he made two hands over the keys and tried to choose something to play. He decided on *Reflets dans L'Eau*, and the slim fingers began to move. He really couldn't hear anything, but he thought the notes as the fingers hit the keys. There was a plain gold band on the little finger of the left hand, and the fingernails were very short and uneven. Finally he got tired of trying to think the notes and let the hands quit playing.

Then the girl came into the room. He didn't cause it, and for a moment he was afraid. My drawings have been acting funny lately, he thought. She walked quickly to a sofa, puffing nervously on a cigarette, then grinding it viciously into the ash-tray on the table. Her cheekbones were alternately tightened and released. Her full auburn hair was slightly dishevelled, and the slim silk leg which was crossed nervously over the other jerked convulsively, making awkward patterns with the foot. She was pretty, though,

and it was pleasant to watch her. Then there was a car noise outside, and the girl sprang from her seat and stood tensely by the fireplace. The noise made him afraid, too, because it sounded too real to be his own thought sounds. A large man with a red, fleshy face strode rapidly into the room. The girl gave a little cry and ran toward him. They met and kissed savagely, almost like animals. He didn't like this and tried to rub them out, but they wouldn't leave. When he saw the hand of the big man caressing, he couldn't watch any longer and went out of the window and down the drive. Then he turned and covered the house with darkness. He didn't like that thing and wished he hadn't gone in. No, he thought, it wasn't pleasant at all. He would never do it again. He would have to find something else to do in its place. It wasn't pleasant at all . . .

"Come on in, Mac."

Oh, there is the funny voice again, he thought. Now there will be something funny. He knew there would be.

"What have you got here, Jim? Christ, it stinks in here!"

"Yeah, ain't it awful? I've been with it for five days, and I ain't got used to it yet. I'm supposed to keep off the flies."

Just give it a little time, and the voice would be funny. He knew it would.

"Christ, how could a fly stand it? What you giving him?"

"Morphine. I keep him pumped full of the stuff. It keeps the pain off. But you'd never know whether he's alive or dead. He ain't moved once since I been here. For five days he ain't moved. Major said it'll be over 'fore long."

"Christ, ain't there nothing you can do for the poor bastard?"

"Nah, just keep him outa pain. I bet we used a gallon of morphine on this one. Most of them don't last over three days, but this one beats them all. You'd think he'd starve to death, if nothing else."

"How'd it happen?"

"I don't know. Probably a tank. Most of them are tanks."

"Let's get something to eat."

"Let me give baby his bottle first. It's always hard to shoot these guys. You can't hardly find any place to stick them, and all the black stuff clogs up the needle. I always just aim for the middle and hope of the best. Like this."

"Christ, he stinks."

"Yeah, smells just like a frog pissoir. Come on, let's get something to eat."

There it was! Oh, he knew the voice would say something funny. That one was always funny. He thought a laugh. He couldn't hear anything, but he knew that's what he was doing. When he quit, he didn't know what to draw. For a while he left it dark, and then he decided on some ice water. It was very easy, but it was hard to tell what kind of glass would be best. The long-stemmed ones were the prettiest, but they didn't hold as much as the tall ones. It was always hard to decide on a glass.



## MR. SWEENEY'S SUNDAY EVENING COMPLINE

## MULTIMETEMPORICAL

The brilliant butlers of the Word  
Flit between the candle screens  
In the dissection of the cord.

In the dissection of the cord,  
Supermutation of *tout bien*;  
And at the century's turn, in time  
Reduce the world to 1610.

A painter of Picassan moods  
Upon a stairway tripped and fell,  
And in his coma cuboid nudes  
Snatched up his soul from certain Hell.

But through the tepid water shone  
The ghosts of Mrs. Porter's feet,  
And there above the Master sat  
The polyphemic parakeet.

The foible-finikers abhorred  
The market-place of common sense.  
The young, unread, and undeploded,  
Disdained, but welcomed, daily pence.

Inside the academic gates  
The genuflecting acolytes  
Before the panoplied high priests  
Performed their bi-diurnal rites.

Along the Court House wall the boys  
Stopped briefly on their way to work  
To ruminate, and contemplate  
The office of the county clerk.

Stuyvesant shifts from scotch to rye,  
Stirring the ice-cubes of his doubt;  
He turns the page from T to S,  
And wonders what it's all about.

B. S. FORD

John Bowen

## HUNTER'S CODE

Walter Binns pushed his feet closer to the fireplace and settled back dreamily in the armchair. It was good to be back at the cabin, he thought, back where he could breathe freely, back where he found contentment. How strange it was that he should find peace at this place which was so antagonistic to the mosaic beauty he loved. It was ironic, the play of fate.

Walter pushed the thought from his mind and turned to look at his son who was standing before the cabin window. "Well?" he inquired.

The boy did not answer immediately. He stood looking out the window into the darkness for a moment, as if weighing his answer, then turned hesitantly to face his father. The boy was gangling, almost awkward in appearance. His face carried a severity far beyond his sixteen years of age. "But I don't want to hunt," he complained.

"Nonsense, Billy," Walter ruled. "How do you know you don't? You've never been hunting." The boy shrugged in a manner to suggest a long-standing submission to his father's desires.

"It's just like those other things you didn't want to try," Walter continued persuasively. "After you had a go at them, you felt as I did. Now didn't you?"

"Yes, Dad," the other replied. Walter thought he detected a note of bitterness in the response but immediately shrugged it off as miscalculation.

"That's what I told you," he said confidently. "And hunting's even better. Every man ought to hunt. It's part of man's nature. There's something about a kill that a man can't forget." His face was alive with enthusiasm. His eyes were wild, almost savage.

"O. K., Dad," Billy shrugged. "If that's what you want, I'll go with you tomorrow." He walked from the room and sat down on the porch steps of the cabin. He sat there for a long time, listening to the confused chorus of noises rising from the nearby marshland. They seemed to blend into one great, taunting, laughing voice.

Walter leaned forward and looked across the marsh. The air was static but cold. A dull, nearly colorless sky looked down on an even duller marshland which already seemed reconciled to the winter ahead. In all of that scene no movement was visible. Strangely, Walter thought, it resembled a painting, lifeless—but with a semblance of reality.

He shifted his eyes to a spot adjacent to him and about half a mile distant. Billy was somewhere near there. Walter smiled with satisfaction. "A master stroke," he said quietly. "A master stroke." He had purposely placed his son alone. He thought no man could resist the joy of pitting himself alone against another living creature and emerging victorious.

Suddenly, a shot rang out deep in the swamp. The echo rolled past Walter and faded into the marsh beyond him. Walter smiled contentedly at the thought of Billy having fired his first shot. Then satisfaction gave way to fear as he realized the shot had come from the center of the marsh. It was not like Billy to remain quiet for several hours. He was always moving, always restless. Maybe he had moved farther into the marsh and had tripped and fallen on his gun.

Walter jumped to his feet. He was perspiring despite the coldness of the autumn air. "Damn fool kid!" he sputtered. "These marshes are treacherous. Why in hell did he have to move?" Anxiously, Walter looked toward the son's position. He could see no movement there.

"Billy!" Walter shouted across the swamp. He waited, listening, but only echo answered him. "Billy!" he shouted again. Again he was answered by only the mocking undertones of echo. Walter felt his body grow cold. His hands trembled.

Hysterically, he jumped into the marsh water and splashed toward the interior of the swamp. He ran blindly in the shallow water, stumbling across logs and over the tiny islands of dry land.

Suddenly, he felt his feet sinking beneath him. He strained frantically to lift them, but they would not move. He was up to his waist in water now as the constant pulling dragged him lower.

"Billy!" he screamed frantically, thrashing the water violently with his arms. "Billy! Help! Billy!"

At his position farther up the marsh, Billy shuddered as he heard his name for the sixth time. Worried, he rose and looked

toward his father's position. Seeing no movement there, he breathed a sigh of relief and sat down again.

"Realistic," he mused. "Darn realistic. Dad put on a good show but he couldn't fool me. Thought he could get me confused with his screaming so I'd forget about being quiet and holding my position." He smiled proudly, commending himself for his ability to reason out the situation.

"Yes, sir," he said happily. "Bet Dad'll be proud of me when we get home tonight."

Billy pulled his leather jacket closer about his neck and looked at the solitude of the marsh. He was tired, but he also was content. Dad was right, he thought, every man ought to hunt.

## REVIEWS

THE IDEA OF A THEATER. By Francis Fergusson. Princeton University Press. pp. 240. \$3.75. (1949)

The many values of Mr. Fergusson's study of the theatre and the art of drama can hardly be exaggerated. Ten notable plays are analyzed with perception; man's changing ideas of himself and so of his attitude toward the drama are clearly presented; and the interplay of critical opinion from Aristotle to Eliot leads the author to his own trenchant "idea of a theater." It is indicative of the quality of the book that the reader is impelled not only to go back to the plays Fergusson discusses but also to read the collateral works to which he alludes.

The primary thesis of the book is that Hamlet's charge to the players—to hold the mirror up to nature—expresses a perennial human need; but that only in the Greek tragedies and in the Elizabethan theater has it been possible to give a direct and significant "imitation of human life and action." In these two eras the theater itself was indeed a mirror which had been formed at the center of the culture of its time, and at the center of the life and awareness of the community. We certainly doubt that our own time has, to quote Hamlet again, "an age, a body, a form, and a pressure." Indeed, we are more apt to think of it as a wilderness without form. Our playwrights at best can, at rare intervals, fix it in one of its momentary postures, and in a single bright, exclusive angle of vision. Thus, says Fergusson, "the very *idea* of a theater, as Hamlet assumed it, gets lost; and the art of drama, having no place of its own in contemporary life, is confused with lyric poetry or pure music on one side, or with editorializing and gossip on the other."

Those two sphinxes of literature, *Oedipus Rex* and *Hamlet*, which have been called artistic failures almost as often as they have been called supreme masterpieces, are here examined once again with sheer brilliance. The analysis of *Hamlet* seems to be one of the notable achievements of twentieth century criticism, particularly in its emphasis upon the alternating scenes of "ritual" and "improvisation," and in its interpretation of the play as (in part) a series of "analogous actions." What Sophocles and Shakes-

peare do in their plays is to mirror human life and action with extraordinary directness, and from many angles at once. They catch the creature in the very act "of inventing those partial rationalizations which make the whole substance of lesser dramas." Both authors could count upon an audience that shared common beliefs, myths, and attitudes toward life; both wrote for a theater still popular, traditional, and ritualistic.

As telling contrasts of *Oedipus Rex* Fergusson examines Racine's *Bérénice* and Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, partly because both dramatic works are landmarks, but chiefly because their authors thought they understood and accepted the essential principles of Greek tragedy and imagined that they had realized these anew in their works. Racine's theater, however, was an arbitrary invention, not a natural growth in the community; and the mirror Racine held up to human nature was one in which only the rational could be reflected. In all of Racine's plays there is, so to speak, metaphysical tragedy, as one observes a soul in the very act of *reason*. There is never a lapse from the high plane of enlightened moral consciousness. Because the images in Racine's mirror are artificially limited to reflections of reason, they are in a sense false.

Wagner's conception of the theater and of the dramatic art is as complete and self-conscious as Racine's, yet opposed in almost every respect to the tragedy and theater of reason. Wagner, artist-prophet and revolutionary, rejected the commercial theater of the newly rich bourgeoisie, and with it rejected reason itself. He took his stand for a vision of life that was neither static nor complacent. The theater must reveal a surge of emotion; passion, with its sensuous images, is suffered in the expectation of a transformation of the soul. *Tristan*, then, is a drama of passion (suffering), of the "nocturnal scene of our existence." Only in the love-death is mankind released; only then is suffering transcended. Building thus upon subjectivism, Wagner may have substituted the neglected artist for the insensitive Philistine: but has he held the mirror up to nature?

The second section of the book is an examination of six modern plays, from the realism of Ibsen to the poetic drama of Eliot. In Ibsen's *Ghosts* the tragic rhythm is that of a small figure in a tasteless parlor, and the action is distorted by the stereotyped requirements of Ibsen's thesis. Ibsen's art is that of a photographic

camera, not a mirror. Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*, likewise realistic, is a subtle revelation of moods, addressed to what Fergusson calls "the poetic and histrionic sensibility." There is little plot, in the ordinary sense; the play concerns the suffering involved in change. Chekhov drastically reduced the dramatic art, but "he did so in full consciousness, and in obedience both to artistic scruples and to a strict sense of reality." Having thus reduced it to its ancient root, new growths were possible.

The best of the contemporary playwrights accept the stage as stage, and by so doing try to escape limitations altogether. Thus Shaw uses the stage as a platform, and his plays as means of conveying his sense of life as "rationalizing in the void." All of his plays are theatrical. Pirandello, in *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, makes his protagonists actually unwritten characters, and sets them to invade a stage. These characters are caught and confined in the timeless moment of realizing their individual nature and destiny. Cocteau, like Pirandello, uses the stage to present a final image of the tragedies of his characters. The interesting point is made that "Racine is in Cocteau's bones," and that Cocteau assumes that the Neo-classic tradition may in some sense be re-awakened in his audience. In *The Infernal Machine* he revives the ancient myth of Oedipus, but in the setting of a modern city. The play embodies modes of awareness foreign to Racine's generation; it is a "*poésie de tous les jours*," something skeptical and French. André Obey's *Noah* likewise presents an ancient myth upon the modern stage, dispensing with illusion, or playfully accepting it as such.

T. S. Eliot has an important place in the book. His *Murder in the Cathedral* is analyzed with insight, so that one derives new perceptions of Eliot's purpose, meaning, and methods in this moving theological play. Eliot the critic, likewise, must be taken into account in almost every chapter, for the range of Eliot's critical judgments is large. Fergusson takes issue with him on many points, especially on his surprisingly narrow view of *Hamlet*, and on his insistence that drama is "a form and rhythm imposed upon the world of action." Interestingly enough, Henry James's criticisms come off much better than Eliot's in this book.

Fergusson's horizons are wide. He has illuminating references to such critics as Ransom, Blackmur, Empson, and Burke. He ac-

knowledges his indebtedness to the Cambridge school of classical anthropologists. He shows intimate acquaintance with Aristotle, Corneille, Nietzsche, the Shakespearean scholars, the work of the Moscow Art Theater, the stimulating artistic life of Paris in the period between the two World Wars. There is a particularly penetrating discussion of the *Divine Comedy*. Dante's poem, though not a drama for the stage, is the one work intended to exhaust the possibilities in Aristotle's definition: to imitate all the modes of human action in ordered and rhythmic relationship. In Fergusson's opinion, the *Purgatorio* is especially significant, for it presents the endless forms of moral change. Like Sophocles and Shakespeare, Dante "imitates the tragic rhythm of human life in a world which, though mysterious, is felt to be real."

This important book, whose sole defect is the lack of an index, is scholarship at its most stimulating.

JAMES G. LEYBURN

THE COCKTAIL PARTY. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace. pp. 190. \$3. (1950)

Mr. Fergusson's superb book and Mr. Eliot's new play, taken together, invite us to reconsider the characteristic successes and limitations of the modern theater. In my opinion Mr. Fergusson is the best dramatic critic we have had in this country, and I find it rather interesting to suppose that these two men, writing last year in their separate offices at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Studies, have provided criticism and drama which complement each other. Both of them correctly assume that the contemporary theatrical world is a kind of anarchy, without conventions, without an educated audience, and without any standard of attainment except that measured by box-office receipts. Yet the desire to see life imaged and made significant is as strong now as in any other age; the sobbing spectators of *Death of a Salesman* must be affected by drama in a manner that Shakespeare's audience never was. Perhaps Matthew Arnold's idea of poetry as a substitute for religion is becoming an actuality, although hardly in forms which he would recognize.

*The Cocktail Party* is Eliot's fifth venture in the theater, and it is probably the play which will have the widest appeal. Although



his *Murder in the Cathedral* has been performed a thousand times in the commercial theaters of Europe, there has always been the understanding that it depends too heavily on the framework of Christian ritual. In *The Cocktail Party* we see that the poet has at last dispensed with his chorus, and has approached the present-day secular audience on something of its own terms. Eliot believes that the religious tragedy of our time arises out of the loneliness of the individual, a situation in which the Church is mostly ineffective; therefore to have a chorus (representing the community) would be to violate the sense of conditions in contemporary life.

The play is written in a verse so flexible that its range extends from banal drawing-room chatter to formal chant. As a matter of fact, I attended a performance warned by several newspaper reviewers that it is not poetry at all, except in rare moments. I disagree with this criticism. The dialogue at all times approaches a metrical beat, even in its most casual stretches, and its irregularity is compensated for by the devices of repetition and quick-cued transfer of phrases among the actors.

When the curtain rises, we see a fashionable London apartment, which immediately defines the characters: a rather bored and worldly set of persons, engaged in the quasi-ritual of the cocktail party. Eliot wastes no time in getting the conversation started; indeed, it is evident that more than one glass has been emptied already. Among the characters are a group familiar on the modern stage: husband and mistress, wife and lover. It is presently revealed that there are *four* relationships in this group, since the mistress and lover are having an affair of their own; all the relationships end with infidelity and frustration. Also present at this party are three guests who seem to have little purpose except as animators of conversation; one of them does not even have a name.

The husband, wife and mistress go separately to the consulting-room of a psychiatrist, who turns out to be the unknown guest at the cocktail party. The psychiatrist confronts the married couple with the shattered illusions that no longer sustain them, and advises them to accept each other for what they are: literal-minded and visionless people whose main problem is simply that of "adjustment." These are the moderns of whom Eliot once wrote:

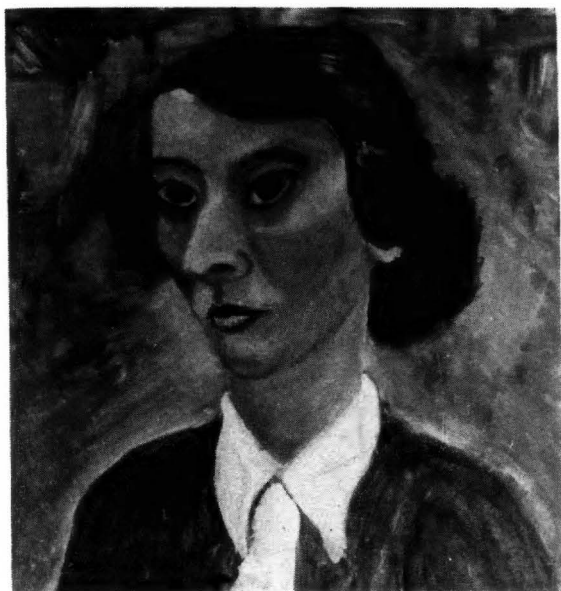
Here were decent godless people:  
Their only monument the asphalt road  
And a thousand lost golf balls.

This secular condition, the poet implies, can be "good," but it is always incomplete.

It is the mistress, Celia Coplestone, who is seen as somebody unusual. I use "seen" in a literal sense: for the psychiatrist, towards the end of the play, reveals that he had a sudden image, almost an illumination, of her extraordinary character. Celia has a sense of guilt and inadequacy, but also a possibility of humility and redemption. The psychiatrist sends her to a remote colony as a worker among the savages, and as the curtain falls on this climactic scene, he and his assistants chant a formal prayer for her protection. For a moment the play seems to return to the ritual source of drama, when the voice of the individual is submerged in the impersonal voice of the community.

In the final scene there is another cocktail party, two years later, at the same apartment. We see that the married couple are relatively happy, and the wife's former lover has achieved quick success in the film industry. It is casually revealed in conversation that Celia has met a cruel death at the hands of heathen savages: she has been crucified in close proximity to a hill of giant ants. This information is vividly reported, and even though the death is far away, it becomes horrible. We now have, through our imagination, another dimension added to the surface of the action. Celia becomes a kind of saint: that is, she achieves grace through suffering; and her contrast with the other characters is complete. Possibly this last scene is too long. The young man who has gone to Hollywood is not very intelligent, and his presence at the end of the play contributes little in the way of insight into the situation: dramatically he can act only as a sort of foil or lower level of response.

*The Cocktail Party* is a comedy in several ways. First, there is the wit of dialogue, in which Eliot reveals an unexpected gift for sustaining an amusing conversation about potato chips and other trivia; at least one reviewer has recommended that the poet "set up competition" with Noel Coward. There is a higher level of comedy in which Eliot plays with the reality of his own setting, attempting to transcend the limitations of the play's surface. For example, in the psychiatrist's office the confessional couch is a familiar item of décor; but it is the doctor, not the patient, who throws himself on his back with relief. At the height of the second



GIRL'S HEAD

W. H. WALLACE



ABSTRACT COMPOSITION

E. P. TWOMBLY, JR.

party one of the guests (who is speaking verse) remarks that she has not heard any poetry for a long time; and the psychiatrist delivers a passage from *Prometheus Unbound*:

Ere Babylon was dust,  
The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,  
Met his own image walking in the garden.  
That apparition, sole of men, he saw.  
For know there are two worlds of life and death:  
One that which thou beholdest; but the other  
Is underneath the grave . . .

Eliot has used this sense of unreality in his other plays, but never so effectively as in the present case.

These two levels of comedy prepare for the ultimate level, which is medieval in its sense: an action which leads to the greatest possible happiness, or Paradise. At this level of the play many people will object that it is impossible to project theological concepts onto the stage, even though these concepts are never explicitly mentioned. But Eliot is attempting to imitate a *complete action*, not merely a set of characters, and action necessarily must suggest more than the realism of the stage. Within the terms of his situation he is just. To be specific, Celia would not realize herself in the Salvation Army: her extraordinary character demands the dangerous way to freedom. One's final reaction to the play will probably be determined by his social and religious attitudes. Incidentally, I think the key to Eliot's dramaturgy will be found in his essay on Ben Jonson.

I do not think that *The Cocktail Party* is a masterpiece. It is, in Mr. Fergusson's words, a "partial perspective"; that is, a brilliant fragment of experience which is limited, more than anything else, by the divided mentality of the period. I seriously doubt whether any play written during the past forty years has both the intensity and the magnitude to focus the essential experience of our age, and certainly this play will seem too "special" to gain a universal appeal. I am very curious about the use of the psychiatrist. Is he intended as a kind of priest in secular guise, or is he simply a catalyst who causes a reaction among the characters? In any case he seems to have a power which is arbitrary and possibly unjustified.

The real superiority of *The Cocktail Party* is in its verse. No

other playwright today can make dialogue so precise and evocative, and yet so closely related to common speech. Most contemporary plays are doomed to mediocrity either by their literal transcription of our rapidly changing language, or (in the case of O'Neill) by their use of a spurious rhetoric which makes painful reading even now. We can assume that the plays of Sophocles, Shakespeare and Racine are closely related to the languages spoken by their authors; we cannot assume that they are meant to be merely versions of contemporary "reality." Eliot will not be classed with these great worthies, but he is one of the few people in the contemporary theater who understand that drama always tends to be poetic. And his plays are among the few effective poetic dramas since the Restoration.

ASHLEY BROWN

SPACE, TIME AND ARCHITECTURE. *By Sigfried Giedion.* The Harvard University Press, Cambridge. (1941)

*"An age that has lost its consciousness of things that shape its life will know neither where it stands nor, even less, at what it aims."*

The ordinary person of average, or college, education tends to have a rather hazy notion of the relation of the past to the man who writes about it. He has at best only a faint idea that history is anything but a collection of events and periods, facts and verities more or less frozen in a static tableau. The undergraduate, especially, is rarely capable of providing any definition of history other than that it is the study and interpretation of a set of given factors. This is due partly to the influence of professors who teach history as though everyone knew what it was; as though it were an entity, existing independently of teachers and writers, plainly visible, and more or less constant. It is also due, as in my own case, to an unwillingness to think about what constitutes the past, and how we are to understand it.

The ordinary person understands the history of architecture even less, and probably thinks of architecture as the sum of the stylistic, formal and decorative contributions of a period—the history of architecture as a warehouse of styles and ornaments from which one may draw freely. He rarely questions, as a result,

the significance or honesty of erecting in the present a building which is an imitation of the past.

In a single volume, however, an historian, Dr. Sigfried Giedion, attempts to give the reader certain tools with which he can arrive at a fuller and more accurate understanding of the past. The book *Space, Time and Architecture*, first published in 1941 is now in its eighth printing. It has achieved wide popularity, and is considered by some as one of the most valuable historical works of our time. Dr. Giedion, who is Swiss, was a pupil and disciple of Heinrich Wölfflin, who succeeded Jacob Burckhardt, the famous author of *Civilization of the Renaissance*, as professor at the University of Basel. In a review of Dr. Giedion's more recent work, *Mechanization Takes Command*, Herbert Marshall McLuhan points out that there are two great schools of German encyclopedic study of society and of the arts:

Riegl, Worringer and Spengler stem from Hegel, while Frobenius, Wölfflin and Giedion are in the Humanist tradition of Burckhardt. For the first school, society and the arts are merely the clothes of the time-spirit, as a means of illustrating a system of ideas. The second carries on the specific diversity of arts and artists. . . . He [Dr. Giedion] makes heavy demands on his readers since he presents ideas not as things to be known or argued about but as tools with which the reader must work for many years.

This statement does much to explain Giedion's approach. The author himself considers his methods a development of Burckhardt's integral treatment of a period and Wölfflin's method of contrasting periods. Giedion's procedures appear clearly in his introduction, which includes, among many other ideas, fragmentary definitions of history, the function of the historian, and the nature of our period. He confronts the reader with a number of ideas, observations, and statements almost simultaneously presented, from which the reader is supposed to derive further ideas and ultimately receive certain benefits. It is this that McLuhan considers the heavy demand on the reader, as the process of understanding the material is considerably different from the usually applicable method of grasping successively each step in a writer's thesis and following through to the conclusion. In *Mechanization Takes Command* Giedion himself explains that "the ideal of [anonymous] history would be to show simultaneously the various facets as they

exist side by side, together with the process of their interpretation." This is applicable as well to his ideas, and the words "simultaneously" and "interpenetration" are key words in his vocabulary.

The historian must be in close contact with the conceptions of his time and must be united to his time by as widespread a system of roots as possible.

The historian must be intimately a part of his own period to know what questions concerning the past are significant . . . The historian detached from the life of his own time writes irrelevant history, deals in frozen facts. But it is his unique and nontransferable task to uncover for his own age vital interrelationships with the past.

The meaning of history resides less in facts than in the uncovering of relationships, Giedion feels, and this is closely connected with his idea that history is dynamic and changes with the point of view of the observer. Or, as he put it, "the background look transforms its object; . . . [the observer] inevitably transforms the past according to his own nature." Thus there are no absolute points of reference, just as there are none for the physicist. This in turn 'interpenetrates' with one of the developments which he considers peculiar to our century: ceasing to observe from a single fixed point of view (unlike Renaissance painting) outside of what is being observed. Today, for instance, "Modern art, like modern science, recognizes the fact that observation and what is being observed form one complex situation—to observe something is to act upon and alter it."

While bearing this in mind, the historian must realize that history reveals itself only in facets which fluctuate with the point of view of the observer. Thus the business of writing history is bound to the fragment. In *Mechanization Takes Command* Dr. Giedion says that "the known facts are scattered broadcast, like stars in a firmament and do not necessarily form an historical body in the historical night," and again his methods are explained, as ultimately history must be presented in fragments, like the stars in constellation, and it is in the mind of the reader that fresh and varied relations should appear.

He feels that a grasp of relevant relationships, an understanding of tradition and the present (in short, a universal outlook), are necessary in order to live a broad and dignified life; yet for a whole century we have been living from day to day without any

idea that we form part of a continuous process. History is a continuum of which contemporary events are the most conspicuous sections, but this was not apparent in the nineteenth century, when "people lost all sense of playing a part in history... when they compared themselves with the people of other periods their activities seemed unimportant and without significance, either good or bad." Attendant to this is a disregard for contemporary history and the immediate past. This is reflected in the destruction of significant records of new developments, particularly in industry. Plainly Giedion is referring to much more than political, or what might be called "newspaper" events. It is impossible to go intelligently into the future, to plan, without some grasp of the relationships between past and present, as demonstrated by the lack of city planning in many areas during the age of industrialization. One of the functions of history is to help people live in a larger sense and in wider dimensions, and this has been denied. Since we have at our disposal more means for the control of change than any people ever had, we must have the sort of knowledge necessary for the development of our potentialities.

Dr. Giedion then makes one of his most important points: that this period of transition between the pre-industrial and new age is characterized by a split between thought and feeling. The nineteenth century saw the rise of compartmentalization and specialization, and from this rose the doubt that science and art have anything in common.

It seems unnatural for a theory in mathematical physics to meet an equivalent in the arts. But this is to forget that the two are formulated by men living in the same period, exposed to the same general influences, and moved by similar impulses.

Thus we have a split civilization in which the worker in one field is unable to recognize men of equal stature in others. Scientists and artists have lost touch with each other, even when they are arriving at equivalents. Not only that, but musicians and composers fail to understand the work of poets which might be close to their compositions in spirit and contemporaneity. And yet at the same time there occurs a curious parallelism of method between the separate fields of thought and feeling, science and art. For illustration, he mentions that in 1908 a mathematician, Hermann



Minkowski, arrived at the idea of a four-dimensional world, in which space and time form an indivisible continuum. Minkowski opens his book *Space and Time* with this statement: "Henceforth space by itself and time by itself, are doomed to fade away and only a kind of union of the two will preserve an independent reality." At this same time, cubist and futurist painters were experimenting with "the artistic equivalent of space-time for means of expressing purely contemporaneous feelings."

He feels that this rift between science and art can be partially overcome by the general understanding of the dominant methods in different areas of human endeavor, recognizing similarities and differences which various activities of our time draw together to constitute one culture. Both in science and art today one can detect "the elements of a general pattern which our culture will embody." Our culture is like an orchestra in which the instruments are tuned but where every musician is cut off from every other by a soundproof wall. He concludes that the only service the historian can perform is to point this out.

The only argument which presents itself to me concerning Dr. Giedion's theory of the split civilization is that in the light of the ever increasing complexity of both science and art, it is asking a great deal of a scientist to have a thoroughly sympathetic knowledge of artistic equivalents when he has all he can do to keep up with special interests. And conversely it is asking much of a painter to understand scientific developments. Even the similarity of methods might be difficult to grasp as the record of human endeavors becomes thicker. However, let us hope with him that there will exist more than unconscious parallelisms and sympathies. One is tempted to ask whether scientist and artists were in any such unity during the late Baroque period, which he uses as the example of a culture which expresses certain universals. While the late Baroque drives and forces are rather clear (as he demonstrates), is there any real indication that Bach knew his Leibnitz, or that Leibnitz knew his Bach?

We have managed to arrive this far without any mention of the research into architectural history which comprises the bulk of *Space, Time and Architecture*. This is because the ultimate value and significance of this book resides in the theories that underlie it. Dr. Giedion selected architecture; first because of a very strong

personal interest in it—he has been very active in the *Congrès Internationaux d'Architecture Moderne*—but most important because it is his belief that architecture is an index to a period. It is bound up with the life of a period as a whole, as it is the product of varied factors—social, economic, scientific, technical and ethnological—to follow his own words. In architectural masterpieces, the shortcomings of a period fall away and one is able to follow the central drives—to uncover the nerves. To make these drives clear, and to establish a continuity and trace historical relationships he has chosen and examined with care certain examples of architecture and developments in construction from the Renaissance to the present day. In each he has underlined the significant contributions of a period, particularly in the understanding and organization of space-relationships, and the ensuing effects. His ultimate goal is to show how our period came to consciousness of itself in a single field, architecture; but in the process he enables the casual reader to grasp at an infinity of things: inevitably the reader emerges with a heightened architectural sensibility and an improvement in his ability to discern fundamental movements in contrast to surface occurrences—what the author calls the ability to distinguish constituent from transitory facts. The reader loses many prejudices and gets glimpses of new vistas through the masterful examination of 19th Century developments in construction. The Crystal Palace and the great exhibition halls of the 19th Century emerge as structures of beauty and meaning. Of particular interest to the American is his section on purely American developments and their importance today. In a land of frame houses one cannot fail to be interested in the history of that American phenomenon, the balloon frame. Then also the reader becomes acquainted with the works of individual architects (Wright, Gropius, LeCorbusier, Aalto), and becomes familiar with the history and certain basic aspects of town planning. But perhaps the greatest single benefit the reader derives, aside from a fresh view of history and architecture, is an understanding of why art has taken such new directions since 1908. In the splendid Part VI, which is titled "Space-Time in Art, Architecture and Construction," one finds as cogent an introduction to modern art as one could wish. The full impact of the book, as McLuhan intimates, will only be felt by the reader after some years and some thought,

but even a casual reading can produce a revolution in one's views—the book is in no way obscure, as demonstrated by the fact that it is used as a textbook at the University of Virginia. What I have gleaned does not begin to touch the profound implications which lie in Dr. Giedion's "fragmentary" history, his encyclopedia of constituent architectural facts, his compendium of fundamental forces and conceptions.

This handsome work, with its 625 pages, its 321 illustrations, and its lucid, unpedantic and non-technical style (enhanced, perhaps, by a first rate job of translation), could provide much of the foundation for a personal re-education.

ARTHUR H. TRAIN

IN SICILY. By *Elio Vittorini*. New Directions, New York. pp. 163. \$2.50.

High in the Sicilian hinterlands lies a small village clinging to the side of a mountain. Like the rest of the country it is peopled by farmers and a few small merchants. Little profit can be gotten from the stony soil, and all but the rich live in dirt-floored huts often shared by the family livestock. Despite the railroad the inhabitants have never been influenced by modern civilization, and their life today is like that of their forefathers centuries ago.

It is to this scene that the nameless narrator of *In Sicily* returns after fifteen years on the continent. The cause of his return is his desire to see his mother and revisit the country of his childhood, but the effect is more profound. In the simple atmosphere of the village he discovers that a quality inherent in his countrymen, his faith in humanity, has atrophied during his sterile life in the city. While associating with the villagers he is mentally freshened and revitalized; he enjoys life although he had previously only endured it. His doubts destroyed, he gradually awakes to a full awareness of mankind, and it is this awakening which is the subject of the book.

*In Sicily* is the first of Elio Vittorini's books to appear in America, and, although it comes at a time when many new Italian authors are publishing, it is successful despite the rush. His prose has an appeal which should warrant the publication of some more of his books, for his style is as warm, pungent, and vital as the Sicily

he portrays. *In Sicily's* greatest fault is that at both the beginning and the end Vittorini becomes rather prolix and vague. This may be excused, however, since it was written in 1937, when it was advisable to disguise political views. The core of the book is generous compensation for these minor inferiorities. Unfortunately, Vittorini's limiting factor seems to be that he cannot write about great things in a great manner. His simple style, although well suited to this book, might become tedious if there were any more than its 163 pages. But in such short doses it makes excellent reading.

HARVEY DODD

## CONTRIBUTORS

THOMAS SUGRUE, whose article in this issue was originally intended as the preface to his *Stranger in the Earth*, is a Washington and Lee graduate of the class of 1929. He has recently returned from a year spent in the Near East, where he gathered materials for a new book, to be published shortly.

JOHN DOS PASSOS, whose work has done much to define the so-called "kaleidoscopic" novel of our time, is represented in this issue by some lines of verse which are to be included in a new edition of *Adventures of a Young Man*, to be published soon in one volume with *Number One* and *The Grand Design*.

T. K. WOLFE, JR., class of 1951, and an editor of *Shenandoah*, has been active in many campus journalistic and literary organizations. All the fiction of this issue, including Wolfe's article, is the product of Dr. George H. Foster's class in creative writing.

MERRILL PALMER, class of 1950, has devoted much time to the writing of serious verse. This is his first poem to appear in a Washington and Lee publication.

WM. H. HOFFMAN is a special student at Washington and Lee. He was graduated from Hampden-Sydney after having served in the last war.

B. S. FORD, a member of *Shenandoah's* advisory board, is in the English department at Washington and Lee.

JOHN BOWEN, class of 1951, is in the Washington and Lee School of Journalism, and has experience in radio programming.

JAMES G. LEYBURN, Washington and Lee's Dean of the University, is the author of various sociological studies, including *The Haitian People*. In this issue, he appears in the role of literary critic.

ASHLEY BROWN, a member of *Shenandoah's* advisory board, and of Washington and Lee's English department, has specialized in the study of contemporary literature.

ARTHUR H. TRAIN, class of 1950, lives in northwestern New Jersey, where he raises thoroughbred hogs.

HARVEY DODD, class of 1953, and member of the staff of *Shenandoah*, is the only Freshman contributor in this issue.

MARION JUNKIN, when asked to select three representative paintings from his newly instituted studio art class, chose the works of C. E. CASTNER, W. H. WALLACE, and E. P. TWOMBLY, JR., which appear in this issue, as well as one of his own oils.

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